Dog Fathers

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Dog Fathers

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will finally embraces his new status.

Will woke to the same thing he had for the last half year.

A very eager dog barking.

He rolled over and covered his head with a pillow.

“It’s your turn.”

Hannibal sighed and snuggled closer to him.

“I distinctly remember taking her out yesterday. It’s your—“

Encephalitis started to pull at their blankets with her teeth. Will sat up and pulled back hard.

“Cephie, NO! BAD DOG!”

She kept on until Will swore before he stood up completely naked and yanked it back from her.

“BAD GIRL! BAD CEPHIE!”

Encephalitis bowed her head and trotted into the corner of their bedroom where she curled up. Will sighed.

“She’s been properly scolded come back to bed.”

He looked at Hannibal. “I can’t when she looks like I just told her the world is over.”

“Will....”

Will walked over to her and crouched on his knees. “C’mere honey, it’s ok.”

Encephalitis lifted her head and came up to him, licked and rubbed her head under his hand.

“Daddy doesn’t think you’re bad, Encephalitis. Just not very good. Isn’t that right, Will?”

Will turned and glared at him. “I told you I don’t like that Daddy shit. She’s our dog not our...”

“If you persist in this delusion that she is not our pseudo daughter I will remind you of the bedroom she has next to ours and her seat at the dining room table.”

“A lot of people let their dogs sit at the table!”

“Not many people have their dog’s name written on said chair, nor do they give them the veritable amusement park we have in our backyard.”

Will ran his hand over Cephie’s head.

“You want her to sit on the floor and have nothing to do in the backyard but dig up your flowers?”

Hannibal sat up, stretched, and smiled.

“I’m perfectly fine with my role as Dog Father. Embrace it, Will. You have transferred all your love of the seven dogs you miss onto one. There’s no shame in it.”

Will grabbed his underwear off the floor, pulled them on, and walked out of the bedroom with Encephalitis at his side. He went to let her out through the side door and stopped at the sight of a blue envelope on the kitchen table.

Encephalitis whined and he grabbed the envelope before he opened the door. The air outside was cool for June and he shivered in only his briefs.

“Go do your business, sweetheart.”

Cephie went to the grass and Will opened the card.

The words on top made him smile.

Happy Father’s Day to a Pawsome Dad.

He heard the door open and a robe was put over his shoulders before Hannibal wrapped arms around him.

“Happy Father’s Day, Will.”

Hannibal kissed his cheek and Will watched Encephalitis grab one of her balls and run towards them. His heart ached at the sight of her.

“Happy Father’s Day, Hannibal.”

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